

"Charm of Isabel" Comes—Forbes- Robertson Goes Away

By ARTIE.

Ye Critic is right there with the goods. We took in a regular first night down to the theatre that Maxine Elliott got erected for her to show in when she comes to town last Tues. eve. Along with Ed Lauterbach, who used to know Dave Lamar, Kelcey Allen, the genial punster, Assistant County Prosecutor Bostwick, A. Toxen Worm and Act. Davies, who does dramatics for the Eve. Sun newspaper whence his front name. The only thing that threatened to cast the gloom of disappointment over our evening was that we couldn't find Jim Brady in the audience, which we would have had he been there all right.

We also observed Sydney McCall, nephew of Eddie who ran for Mayor of our town once, tho some people may not remember it but he didn't see us, he being in a box with his cousin, Eddie's younger daughter. At least we guess it was she we not having seen her since she was a little slip of a girl. Little did you reck when you went to coll. with us, Syd, that we would be reviewing shows that you were going to the first night of, did you?

Even if Jim Brady wasn't there tho Will was, he being connected with the performance in the capacity of producer. The name of the piece we forgot to say was The Charm of Isabel or She Couldn't Say no, which is where we differ from Syd Rosenfeld who composed it, our conviction being that most people who can't say No aren't charming. Not that Marie Nordstrom wasn't a cute little thing, but she was cutest when she was saying No which was during most of the performance despite the name of the piece, Marie enacting the rôle of Isabel by the way. First she said No to the Frenchman and then she said no to her cousin Fred, then she said No to old Eph Morton, who she cured of the lumbago, which is a pretty good record for one show according to our calculation and we defy the author, Mr. Rosenfeld, to figure it out otherwise. He was just going to tell us how he happened to get mixed up in the name of the piece at the end of the second act, everybody clapping their hands and one fellow hollering Author and everything! only Will Brady said

Remember your contract, Syd, and Syd said I'd like to make a speech only I promised Will I wouldn't spoil the show.

We thought Al Brown was far and away the best Thespian in the troupe, he being the Frenchman who chased Isabel all over the country exclaiming Mong Doo je Vouz adoor, ze sun ze moon ze stars! and all that kind of stuff. He was a wonder, we nearly falling off our seat every time he stepped upon the boards. We aren't so sure that we would have taken our better 54ths (spouse) to see the show tho if we had known what was coming off beforehand, our idea being that too much came off of Marie once. We don't like to see people, that is women, get undressed on the stage, which is what Marie did in the first act almost. If they've got to come on without much on like they do in musical comedies all right, every body expects that, but when they do it right before your eyes and you can't tell when they're going to stop, it ought not to be allowed, is what we think, suggestion being a lot more insidious than the real thing. As Hec Turnbull, our fellow critic now that Art Ruhl is to the war, says If they are going to make it broad why not make it broad enough to suit everybody & be done with it, the same being our opinion also.

FORBES-ROBERTSON DE- PARTS.

J. Forbes-Robertson, the eminent Sir, gentleman & Shakespearian player, was the center of a throng of admiring friends at a dinner tendered him by same at Will Muschenheim's hostelry last Mon. eve. prior to his sailing for Lond., the occasion being the completion of his farewell tour to this country (U. S. A.). Among those who waved him good-bye at the wharf was Percy Burton, his advance agent, who remained behind to arrange for his five star complete final farewell tour next year.

A Protest from the Dramatic Critic.

What is becoming of Thespis, founder of the noble art of the drama is what we inquire in view of the increasing encroachments of moving pictures & such? Our first sentence was cut out of these columns last week to make room for a review of a moving picture performance by a man who we got a job for on The Gotham Tribune, such being his reward for our monumental kindness.

That sort of thing has got to stop. Mr. Adams, say we. If you want to run moving picture stuff, which we don't see why you do after your announcement the other morning, cut out the editorials for it, don't cut out the dramatics. We won't stand for it is our ultimatum, which is considerably more ultimate than the kind Prexy Wilson indulges in, is our firm stand.

PHILADELPHIA PHILBERTS

Rudy Blankenburg, our popular Mayor, is appearing with a brand new double-decked straw lid (hat) these days, he being very progressive sartorially.

Yr. Corr. had dinner Thurs. and Fri. with Tom Daly, wife and children, at their home in Germantown. Mrs. Daly's shad melts in yr mouth, and all we can say is that we bet we could be a poet like Tom is if we had a family like that.

Old Larry Anholt gave yr. Corr. a couple of free passes (gratis) for his show this week, same being much enjoyed, which we would say even if we had to buy our seats.

Mrs. Clive Weed, wife of Clive Weed, the famous tennis player, well known to ye Ed., is the hospitable hostess to Gotham Goers (ladies) from Phila. this wk. (For Gotham news, read Phila. Philberts).

Charlie Beck, who knows more about colors than Irv. Cobb, has ret'd from abroad (Europe) this week. Like Harvey O'Higgins, Charlie spoke very well of the old country.

Gif. Pinchot is seen exercising (walking) in Fairmount Park quite frequently of late. Gif. is in training for the Penna. Senatorial race which he is a contestant of.

STEVE.